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CHIEF AND ONE OF HIS WIVES.

Witch doctor with tiger's skin over her head at left. See page 488.

Life and Light

VOL. XXXV

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 11

COME TO OUR Every Congregational woman who lives in Greater Boston or within easy reach of it, not providentially detained, should plan to attend one or all of the sessions of the annual meeting of the Woman's Board, to be held in Park Street Church, November 8 and 9. The assembling ourselves together in the name of the Master to learn about the progress of his work and our own share therein is always a privilege and a stimulus, a privilege which we cannot afford to miss, a stimulus that will go far to make the work of the next year a joy and a success.

Missionaries from several countries will tell of their work and favorite speakers of our own country have promised to give words of counsel and cheer. A meeting for delegates occupies Tuesday, and Wednesday afternoon is given to the session for young women and girls. Information as to details is given on page 514.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. A group of missionaries for Eastern Turkey sailed from Boston September 16: Mrs. Willis C. Dewey returning to Mardin, where with her husband she has spent many useful years, is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Diantha L. Dewey, who hopes to share her mother's work among women and children; Rev. Richard S. M. Enrich with his wife, both new recruits to the service, also go to Mardin. Miss Caroline E. Bush goes gladly back to her beloved people in Harpoot, to whom she has already given thirty-five years of devotion. In most of this work she has been closely associated with Miss Harriet Seymour, who must now remain in America. But Miss Bush has found a new companion in Miss Maria Poole of New York City, who goes with her, expecting to share with her the hardships and the joys of touring among remote villages, and of telling the gospel to ignorant and unsatisfied women. In the party were also Miss Mary Christie, going to join her parents at Tarsus, and Mrs. Clarke and her little son *en route* for Monastir, the home of her father-in-law.

A postal just received from Miss Dewey, mailed at the Azores, tells of a pleasant voyage thus far.

Miss Susan R. Howland sailed from New York on September 26 to resume her work of teaching in Uduvil, Ceylon.

The great steamer *Dakota*, perhaps the largest afloat, built by the Great Northern Railroad to carry its Asiatic freight, sailed on her maiden voyage



MISS MARIA B. POOLE

September 20. In her immense hold was stored grain and merchandise equal in bulk to the load of one hundred trains of twenty-five box cars each. But the infinitely more precious and influential part of her cargo was the band of missionaries returning to the land of the Rising Sun: Rev. Cyrus A. Clark, Rev. S. C. Bartlett with Mrs. Bartlett and their four little sons, Mrs. M. L. Gordon, who is Mrs. Bartlett's mother, Rev. and Mrs. Henry J. Bennett, and Miss Cornelia Judson, all going back to a people whom they know and love and who will give them a warm welcome. Three young women sailed from San Francisco September 27: Miss Alice S. Browne, for

two years secretary of Young People's Work of the Woman's Board, who goes to Tung-chou, and Miss Lucia E. Lyons of Michigan to the work in Pang-chuang, both stations in North China, and Mrs. Amanda A. Walker, who expects to teach languages in Kobe College, Japan.

Miss Cora F. Keith returned to Japan in September after a few months furlough with home friends. Arriving on the 18th she was married at noon on the 23d in the home of her uncle, Dr. Otis Cary, in Kyoto, Dr. J. H. Pettee assisting in the ceremony, to Rev. Charles McL. Warren, formerly of Collinsville, Conn. Mr. Warren has been for several years a teacher in the Doshisha, but now he goes with Mrs. Warren to take up important work in Matsuyama. We rejoice to welcome home Mrs. Marion M. Webster just on furlough from her work in Bailundu, West Africa.

THE AMERICAN BOARD The annual meeting of the American Board really
AT SEATTLE. began when the special train, which carried almost two hundred across the continent, pulled out of Boston. From the very

first a sense of purpose and of unity in that purpose pervaded the air. At all hours of the day little groups gathered in various sections manifestly discussing matters of moment. At ten each morning the occupants of every car gathered at its center for "family prayers," and surely our missionaries on the field might well have felt an influx of new strength from the petitions sent up in their behalf. Each afternoon after the Chicago contingent joined the party most of the men assembled in one of the dining cars, where for hours they debated earnestly the pressing problems of the day. When the train turned aside from the direct route to visit Whitman College at Walla Walla, Washington, the Board for the first time in its history assembled on a spot which was once mission ground.

The Congregationalists of Seattle exemplified perfectly the hospitality for which the West is famed, and from first arrival to last farewell nothing which could add to the comfort or efficiency of the meeting was left undone. Had the guests not been so intent on the one purpose, the lovely situation of Seattle, with its wonderful views of forest, mountain ranges and the snowy peak of Rainier, all embraced by its inland sea, would have stolen their hearts away.

As always at Board meetings the missionary addresses were stirring, and we were all proud of the men and women who represent us and the gospel of Christ in foreign fields. As they told us of the work in China, Japan, India, Micronesia, we all felt with them that to-day is a time of unparalleled opportunity, and that already the seed sown is springing up in abundant harvest. And as we heard how inadequate are the workers and the equipment to meet the call, the crying need of to-day, even to carry on properly the work already in hand, then we wished that every member of our Congregational churches could hear the appealing story. If men and women could only realize the facts, surely they could not be indifferent.

The Northwest is a great country, with limitless energy and with resources in all material things hardly to be reckoned. Her wheat fields help to feed the world. When West and East shall join together to do each its utmost, then truly the bread of life will go to every starving soul.

UNITED STUDY We have every reason to hope for an enthusiastic and
OF AFRICA. useful study of Africa during the coming season, and already more than two thousand copies of *Christus Liberator*, the textbook, have gone out from our rooms. It is a great thing to feel that we are part of a host of Christian women, of many denominations, who are thinking and studying on the same great subject, and it must be that we shall be stirred to a deeper love for that poor enslaved continent and its people, and

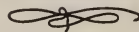
that we shall be moved to more generous gifts and more earnest prayer in their behalf. All this cannot be to us merely an academic question.

And with all the study, geography, history, ethnology, comparative religions, the leaders of auxiliary meetings must make sure to keep in vital touch with present missionary news and problems. Great is the opportunity, therefore great is the responsibility of the leaders.

THE PRAYER CALENDAR is now ready and friends can obtain it from Miss A. FOR 1906 R. Hartshorn for 25 cents, or 30 cents if sent by mail.

Our missionaries depend much on our prayers in their behalf, and to follow through the year with this calendar makes sure that each one is remembered. The accompanying article in each current number of LIFE AND LIGHT brings the latest attainable news of each worker, and so we may know a little of her special need.

WORD FROM Most interesting letters come from various fields in Turkey, TURKEY. bringing news that stirs our hearts to thanksgiving and to sympathy. Evidently it is not wise to print these letters, that would bring peril both to our workers and to the people among whom they labor; but we may well give thanks with them for many encouraging facts, and for some souls brought into the light. We must remember also that sometimes they are in perils, perils like those which St. Paul enumerates when he says, "In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often," and all kinds of trying experiences. In some places the political condition is unsettled, and the people, like children, are easily excited, and so religious work is hindered. In some of the higher altitudes the winters are very severe, and the buildings for schools and homes are not adequate protection against inclement weather; and everywhere, though many are eager for gospel truth, the people are so benighted that they hardly know how to take it when offered them. Let us take these brave workers and their need into our heart's affection and remembering prayer.



"If we at home expect missionaries, as our representatives in missionary fields, to conduct their warfare with heroism, surely they may reasonably expect us, as their representatives at home, to support them with generosity! Let us not allow all the holy chivalry and self-sacrifice to be on their side! We hope to participate in the triumph, let us therefore take an honorable part in the burden!"

A Helper of Many

BY MISS HARRIET SEYMOUR

For Thirty-Seven Years a Missionary in Harpoot

AS I read in the August number of the *Missionary Herald* of the gift of \$250 from K., an Armenian, my thoughts went back at once to my early days in the boarding school at Harpoot when she was the matron there. She had been the pupil of Miss Pond and Miss Maria West, and afterwards, as the matron, was a strong stay to them. Later she was the trusted helper of Miss Warfield and myself.



MISS HARRIET
SEYMOUR

The girls, both boarding and day pupils, under the spiritual influence of the Misses Pond and West, with K's more immediate care, almost invariably became Christians.

When I was a young girl, and longed to be a Christian, I thought if I could only go to Mt. Holyoke Seminary I should surely become one; the influences there would be so strong that there would be no resisting them. And the young girls in the cities and villages around Harpoot had the same feeling—that if they could come to our school their salvation would, as a matter of course, be secured. And it was a rare thing for a girl to leave our school unconverted.

Egin is a city on the Euphrates River, not far from Harpoot. The inhabitants of that city are the most refined in all our large field, and indeed of all Armenians I have met in Turkey. It is said that they were descendants of noble families in Persia, who accepted Christianity in the olden times, and fled to this retired spot on the Euphrates to escape persecution. The men were very intelligent; they used to go to Constantinople, Aleppo, or Cairo, and there became merchant princes, returning when they had gained a competence, to spend the remainder of their days in their homes on the banks of the "ancient river."

Three of these, as noble-hearted men as I ever met, accepted evangelical religion through our missionaries. But a great persecution from their families arose, and these three men wrote to the missionaries, begging that a Christian woman might come and teach their wives. I shall never forget how glad we were to find such an opening in Egin. We began at once to look for a worker, and no one seemed available but K. "But," I said,

“how can we let her go; it would be perfectly impossible to keep school without K.” But there was no one else to go and stay for a time, and she went. She wrote at first of insults and reproaches, of filth thrown upon her as the women stood upon the roofs, and of doors shut in her face.

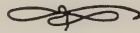
But her quiet, patient persistence, her love for souls, prevailed, and at last the doors were opened, and the women invited her to come in. Not many years passed before eleven women were received into the church, and of late years, when Miss Bush and I have visited Egin, we always had a large, intelligent audience of women. But not only in Egin but in other places many will arise and call her “blessed.”

In one very large village where K. was spending the winter, teaching the women, the chief Armenian in the place told me that she was held in the greatest reverence by all the villagers. One day when a large crowd had gathered in the street, so that there was no room to pass, someone gave the word that K. was on the outside of the crowd, waiting to get a passage through. Immediately the men fell back, giving her a pathway.

K. came to this country, and was married to an Armenian, and she has been a blessing to her countrymen here. She has taken many of them as boarders into her home, and her influence over them is decidedly helpful.

A woman in Harpoot, whose husband had deserted her for years, told me one day that she had heard that he was boarding with K. in America. I told her she might be sure that he would become a changed man, and that she would hear from him. And later letters did come from him, asking his wife to rejoin him in America, which she would have done had not the Turkish government withheld permission.

Do not think I unduly praise or flatter K. She was not, is not, perfect, but I think many Christian women in America, of education and culture, would gladly have her record as a winner of souls.



Money for Missions

BY MISS HELEN I. ROOT

WHEN it came time for the annual thank-offering meeting in our church, the girls said they were very thankful indeed to God for his goodness all the year, but they had only a little money to give and they wanted to earn some more. Some of them said: “We don’t know what to do. Will you pay us for sweeping the school compound?” I reflected. No, the big school yard was in good shape and I

could not pay them money without getting its equivalent in honest, hard work. But across the road was the mission cemetery, a very old one and in a sad condition of neglect. One end was grown up thick with weeds and matted grass, and was piled with stones and the roots of the trees that were taken out of the old hedge when a new one was built last year. The ground was pretty well covered with some particularly sharp and ugly thorns. I certainly never saw a place in more urgent need of cleaning up. So I told my girls they might do it if they liked.



GIRLS AT UDUVIL SCHOOL IN OUTDOOR WORK

Well, that took reflection—two days of it. This was hard, manual labor, never popular in the East. It was work usually done by the poorest, lowest, dirtiest women, never, I suppose, by such pretty, well-dressed girls as these. It was right out next the public road where everybody could (and nearly all passers did) make remarks. But they wanted very much to have the money to give for the church and they made up their minds to do it for Christ's sake.

They worked a week, about twenty of the older girls and teachers, out at 6 A. M. and again after school in the afternoon until dark. They had two rakes and two hoes, a pruning knife, a rude little grass cutter, and a few brooms made by tying bunches of tiny twigs. These they used to good effect, but really the hardest work was done with their hands. Then there

was a glorious bonfire at the end to burn up all the dead leaves and sticks and grass.

Now this sacred spot is at least clean and clear, and the girls are happy enough in having done what was really hard for them. The picture shows not those girls, but some of the others doing the sweeping work in the school compound. These girls all belong to the old Uduvil Girls' School in Ceylon.



What is Heathenism?

BY MR. CHARLES BOND, OF LOLANGA, UPPER CONGO

(See frontispiece.)

UNDOUBTEDLY the number of missionary enthusiasts is larger to-day than it ever was before. More missionary literature is published than in any other age, and greater numbers contribute to the various agencies for carrying the gospel to the heathen. But in spite of these outward signs of prosperity we have to admit that zeal and passion on behalf of missionary work is the possession of only the few. This is probably partly due to the fact that in the midst of records of work done the sad and sombre realities of heathen life are lost sight of—men do not feel because they do not know.

Under the blessed teaching of the Holy Spirit nothing can so stir the heart of the believer to labor, to suffer and to feel for the heathen world as the sight of heathenism itself. Many can never share in this opportunity, but by the aid of meditation and prayer a man may obtain such a secondhand knowledge of heathenism as shall change his whole life. Let me give some pen pictures of life as I have seen it in dark Congoland.

It is towards dusk, and we are taking a few minutes' rest on the veranda in the cool of the evening. A feeble voice startles one, "White man, white man." "Yes; what is it?" "I am without a friend. I have great hunger. My master has driven me away. I have no strength. I cannot work. Let me stay with you the remainder of my days."

Look at the old woman leaning on two sticks—a mere skeleton. Large sores gaping at you from every part of her body. She is possibly not more than forty-five years of age, but is utterly worn out—a helpless, hopeless soul. But she does not represent an extraordinary case; we see and hear the same story almost daily. In numberless instances in Congoland such women and men are driven out to die. That is heathenism!

Who is this hideous looking man? He seems very much offended at our approach. He is the witch doctor or wizard of the town; dreaded by old and young alike. By means of a few shells and bits of wood and bone—his stock in trade—which he keeps hidden in his bag, he frightens all the neighborhood. He is sought out by all classes. His devotees believe him able to inflict or remove disease, and he is equal to all kinds of divination and extortion. It never troubles him to find the cause of bad crops or empty fish traps, and if words would do it in every case of theft the culprit would



AS THE MISSIONARIES FOUND THEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

be brought to justice. Large sums are paid to him that he may utter his incantations over certain towns, houses or persons; that he may place a ban on others, or cause certain individuals to die. The most awful part of the matter is that the victims believe in this wizard's power, and in consequence suffer agonies of mind. That is heathenism!

Here is a revolting sight: A menacing, naked man, with rolling, distorted eyes, making most unearthly noises, the laughing stock of a troop of children, the target of all kinds of missiles—mad! How shall we relieve or shelter him? We cannot. He can be bound by no other bonds than pain-

producing ones. No house is secure enough to detain him. Alas! we have no medicine to alleviate, much less cure this disease. What will become of him? The natives have one effectual method of treating him and all his kind. They always resort to it. I have never known it fail. The patient is bound hand and foot and thrown into the silent, swiftly flowing river. That is heathenism!

Pay a visit to our store some morning when medicines are being dispensed. See this great ulcer filled with "camwood" or other so-called "medicine." The patient is asked: "Why do you disobey my word? You must not mix your medicine with ours." The reply is, "To make it well."

Here is a man suffering from pneumonia. He has been treated by his friends until his case is almost hopeless. They have made dozens of small incisions in his side. The only lotion they use for this sickness is a decoction of herbs and barks. Now he is carried to the mission—of course nearly naked and almost dead. The first thing to do is to wrap him in blankets, apply poultices, give the best drugs, and watch and wait. If the patient is not watched then most probably the wraps are taken off, native medicines again applied and swallowed, and the result—death. Apart from the missionary there is no attempt made to isolate infectious patients. Smallpox and various kinds of skin disease are hidden in the towns and claim countless victims yearly. Rheumatism and kindred ailments weaken and debilitate many until the sufferers are driven out to die. No surgery is practiced; no sick man is pitied; no helpless one is protected. That is heathenism!

Here is a woman said to be possessed of an evil spirit, and one can quite believe the statement to be true. Imagine a circle of men, women and children, some four hundred in number, and most of the men excited by palm wine. Three or four great drums are being beaten, the women and girls of the company are clapping their hands and chanting some native dirge—frequently some indecent story in meter. In the center, painted in hideous colors, decorated with anklets and bracelets of bells, shells, etc., dances a woman, who has possibly already danced for forty hours. Yet she throws her body—oftentimes quite naked—into all kinds of contorted shapes, grinning hideously, and wearily muttering to the evil spirits. This kind of "dance" will be kept up at intervals for months; the husband or master of the woman not being satisfied that the spirit has departed. Oh, the horror of it! The effect of it on the children! That is heathenism!

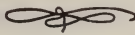
Here is a man who is charged with having paid a witch to curse a chief. He stoutly denies the charge. "Well," says his accuser, "there is only one way of proving your innocence. You must drink the potion, and if you are not guilty you will not die from its effects." The man protests, but unless he

has wealth enough to buy off his accuser he drinks the draught eventually. Very frequently the man expels the poison, and so delivers himself of the accusation, but sometimes serious illness, and not infrequently death, is the sequel to the fiasco. That is heathenism.

How can one describe the horrors of polygamy? Is it necessary to do more than state the fact in order to rouse your whole being against a state of society which permits it? What can one write of child marriage with all its unspeakable pains and penalties? Think of a woman who came to me only last spring, saying she had been the purchased property of seven different men in seven days. Read into and between these few lines all the blackness and darkness your imagination is capable of, and only then will you be at the beginning of the horrors of polygamy. That is heathenism!

One could write of domestic slavery, of cannibalism, of extreme licentiousness, of cruel beatings, envyings, warfares. These and many other abominations are all included in heathenism, which is but another term for devilry.

Why do I write these things? They have been written often before. It is that you may fill up the short outline into a loathsome picture, which shall remain in your mind until the state of these hell-bound, devil-deluded, godless souls becomes a nightmare; until the faces of these wretched heathen compel you to remember their needs; until you can do no other than pray for them, scheme for them, work for them, sacrifice for them. For these—these heathen—Christ left heaven; for these he lived his life of sacrifice; for these he bled on the cross. If we dare to live utterly regardless of them, as though they were nothing to us, nothing to him whom we call Master and Lord, shall we be greatly surprised to hear him say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me"?—*From Regions Beyond.*



A Tour in Turkey

BY MISS EMMA D. CUSHMAN

WORK being slack in the hospital, in February we sent Hagop, one of our young men nurses, to tour in the villages. He (Hagop), is a very earnest Christiau, his chief desire being to preach the gospel to his fellow townsmen. He went almost directly to Eilenje. The awakening had preceded him. A girl from Eilenje employed by Mrs. Dodd, herself being revived and quickened, had written

home about the work in Talas. The young men of the Protestant congregation stirred by these letters said, "Let us get together and pray that we too may receive a blessing." On his arrival he found nightly meetings in progress, and an earnest, prayerful spirit which ripened at once into a wonderful reviving—a wonderful exhibition of the power of the Holy Spirit. Beginning with the young men and women, it soon spread to the older ones. Old men and women who seemed too dulled and stupid to take in Christian truths were changed—set on fire. It spread to the Armenian church, and the young men came in crowds to the prayer meetings.

The question of ways and means for a new church building soon came up, for the little old one used by the Protestants, always too small, soon overflowed. How wonderfully God can work in the hearts of men, for the little struggling village that could hardly have found fifteen pounds for a church building, gathered together one evening to raise money for a new building. A lengthy discussion was not necessary, for amid cries of "Write my name! Write my name!" seventy-five Turkish pounds were subscribed in less than half an hour. Boys and girls of ten and twelve subscribed one dollar or two dollars to be given in work—carrying stones or water for mixing the mortar. About this time, taking my Bible woman and Haig, a boy in the drug store, with a goodly box of medicines, we left Talas to join our worker in Eilenje. I wish I had the power to put in words all that we saw and heard in the two weeks we were gone. Salvation was the theme, in the houses and on the streets. The question was not "Have you sown your grain? but "Have you received the Lord Jesus, have you accepted him as your Saviour?"

We lodged in the village guest room and kept open house. Each morning for several hours I would see patients, people sick not only bodily but with a soul sickness as well. These I would turn over to my Bible woman, and by the time I had finished with the others we would have a roomful of those seeking salvation.

The afternoon would be spent in talking, singing, praying and listening to testimonies of repentance and joy in a new-found Saviour. It was most inspiring to hear them, women who could neither read nor write, who knew nothing of the Bible or of the theology of conversion. They only knew they had found a new joy and peace. While we were thus holding meetings with the women, Hagop and Haig, our two young men, would be working with a roomful of men. Many times we did not stop for dinner and there was hardly time for supper before the evening meeting began. These were held in the church and they would last for hours. We did not seem to be able to find a place to stop. It was not what we did—there was no sermon—

it was simply the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of those present. It was wonderful to see Armenians—pagans literally, for their religion is so corrupted—rise and testify of a new hope, a new Saviour. There was quite a little sickness there and in nearby villages, so I worked pretty hard. I saw and prescribed for nearly three hundred sick people in less than a week's time. This did not leave me as much time for evangelistic work as I wished, but there is no straighter road to the hearts of men than through medical work. We visited nearby villages, holding services in each one. One Armenian village unknown to Protestantism came in crowds and listened most eagerly. I feel helped and blessed by my visit, as one old man said, "a step higher, a step nearer Christ."

On our return two old men of the village, Protestants, came with us, and as they were talking to Mrs. Dodd about the work, one of them said: "Years ago when I became a Protestant I was very happy, and as the years passed I grew happier; when Hagop came and we began these meetings, I got still happier; then Miss Cushman came, and I went still higher; now I am here in Talas, seeing your work, the hospitals and schools, attending services. I feel that I have reached heaven almost."

Hagop is still in Eilenje working and the new church is being built. Our Easter is just passed here. The salutations are so beautiful I must tell you. I think we miss a lot of beauty in America by our hurry and work. From now until Christ's ascension, in place of good morning and good evening the people have a special salutation, not in Turkish for it has no Christ, no Easter, so Greek or Armenian is used. In Greek we say, "Christ is risen." The answer is, "He is risen indeed," or in Armenian, "Christ is risen from the dead," and the answer, "Blessed be the Risen Christ." I think a salutation like that most beautiful.



Work and Difficulties in Eastern Turkey

BY MRS. GEORGE C. RAYNOLDS, OF VAN

FIFTEEN miles south of us is the village of Mashgadag, where we have had some work for two or three years and where Arooseag spent five months working among the women last summer, but it was felt she was more needed in a section sixty miles away where there is a still larger work and where it is not so possible for us to superintend it, so she was sent to Agants. The disturbed state of this section last autumn

made us judge it unwise to send a woman to Mashgadag, but early in December came a great snow, leaving two or three feet on a level. This made massacre and raiding improbable, if not impossible. Roads of the hills and mountains are made in this way—the villagers come over on foot and so tread down a narrow path from six inches to a foot wide and by and by it is hard enough for donkeys to come over, and next horses pass over it. While a man or animal keeps on the narrow path he can come with tolerable comfort, but the minute a foot slips off from that path, down, down he goes, and it is very, very hard for a loaded animal. The cry from Mashgadag for



DR. AND MRS. RAYNOLDS STARTING FOR VACATION

someone to work among the women came longer and louder. In the first place, we had no money. Second, the only available woman was lame and not strong and it would be impossible for her to walk eight miles of the fifteen, as she would probably have to do.

We have several orphan girls who enjoy working among the women and the thought came to us, "Why not send one of these orphan girls over there to work; we feed and clothe them here, why not feed and clothe one there? Can we so arrange for her until Easter that she shall be safe and inviolate?" Two days were spent in considering these questions, affirmative answers being given to all.

Active preparations began. We thought it best and necessary, because of the great destitution in the village, to send the girls' food supply with them.

Saturday morning, with a horse to carry their bedding and the two trustworthy men beside the colporter and the ex-preacher, they set out. You will know my heart went with those girls. I plead Paul's assurance. "He is able to keep that which I have committed Him." I told the Lord I had sent those girls out to work for immortal souls and that I committed them to him and entreated he would keep them as I knew he could do. Continual letters from them and calls from the villagers have assured us that they are doing a good work and are much respected by the people of the village. They have a school with the girls every day until noon. Twice a week besides Sunday they have meetings with the women and spend the remainder



VILLAGE HOUSE IN EASTERN TURKEY

of the time in house to house visitation and in private conversations with individuals and with their scholars.

Some weeks ago I purposed, if possible, to go over carnival week and spend a few days with them, thinking there might be more liability to danger and irregularity, but I had to marry off two girls just the days I had set for starting, so I was obliged to delay until the next week. The question of getting over and back was a good deal more difficult one than when the girls went because the weather was not so cold, the sun is hotter, and so more danger of the road breaking up and becoming impassable. One of our German sisters went with me. The Lord gave us a cold freezing night, and we began the ascent of the low mountain at 7 A. M. to take advantage of the frozen road. We went over very comfortably. Sister Christiana's horse

went very quietly and was used to such roads, but mine was more nervous and not accustomed to such travel. Half an hour before reaching Mashgadag the road became narrower and softer and after my horse had slumped three or four times in as many yards, he lost his patience and made one grand bound out into the snow. To his own dismay he found himself buried in snow nearly to the top of his back, and keeling over on his side, I was just laid out flat on the top of the snow. The servant who was near by on foot soon managed to get to us, and after some struggling the horse regained his footing on the road while I crawled out and back to the road on my hands and knees and went the rest of the way on foot.

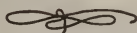


INTERIOR OF A WELL-TO-DO VILLAGE HOME, BIZMASHEN, TURKEY,
HARPOOT FIELD

We spent four very busy and pleasant days with the girls, looking over their work, and also the boys' school taught by one of our orphan boys who had graduated. Saturday we went to a near village twenty minutes away, taking a horse to carry our wraps, books, etc., but going ourselves on foot. There we had a meeting with forty women and I visited a home where one of our orphan girls is soon to go a bride. I had planned to start home Tuesday morning. Sunday, in the night, a warm south wind set in and Monday morning it was snowing and raining and as I did not care to do mountain traveling in that kind of weather, I decided to carry out our plan and wait for Tuesday. The general opinion was that we could get over the mountain but would probably have to walk some. Tuesday morning we awoke

to find a fog, but there were some signs of the sun breaking through and clearing, and knowing that if we did not get over that day we should be shut in for two weeks or more, we set out. In half an hour we were above the fog, but found the road bad. We had put half our load on a man's back and had two extra men who knew the mountain perfectly with us. Our horses slumped so badly I was on the point of turning back, but my servant and the men insisted the snow was not so deep further on. We were all fresh and could go through. We did find the road better on the mountain top and by walking down the descent we were safely over the dangerous part at 10 A. M. There, on the edge of Van plain with only five inches of mud or slush to be gone through, we gathered our little caravan together and gave thanks to God for bringing us safely through. As there was a village near by and we were all of us wet more or less to our knees from slumping in the snow, we stopped for two hours, allowing our horses to rest while we hung our feet down on the hot ground ovens to dry. At four o'clock we were safe in our own homes again, glad we had made the trip.

We saw great growth in the work among the women since the visit Miss McLaren and I made there two years ago. Half of the Sunday audience is now made up of women and girls. So much prayer is being offered for us we have large confidence the Lord will ward off trouble.



Missionary Letters

CHINA

Mrs. J. H. Ingram, whose husband is the physician at Tung-chou station, shows us a little of their work in a letter written June 5, 1905:—

WE depend on the yearly reports to keep you informed. I am sure it is not enough; letters should be sent between, but the work is all absorbing. Every person we meet is a patient, and we need to be prepared to apply the healing balm to the suffering body and sin-sick souls of the multitudes that throng us every moment. It is easier to work than it is to write; when work is finished there is no more time.

The women were slow to return to us after the uprising, but each year they are increasing, having doubled the number of last year. The city has been reduced to one third its former population, so we have reason to believe that the number of patients from rural districts are greatly on the increase. Men, women, carts and donkeys swarm the court yard, reminding one of a market place. One woman said, "We have come to be cured;

we have heard that for everyone that comes one is cured." We assured her that we were human beings, that our ability to do "wonderful things" was the help of the living God, which help they could have for the asking and believing. Oh, that the fame of Him who is the power, and not of the human vessel, may be scattered throughout this great land!

I attend the clinics daily, and with one native assistant take charge of the women. All new patients are reported to the physician, and prescribed



DR. AND MRS. INGRAM AND ASSISTANTS

for; thus the women need not come in direct contact with the male physician, a thing which, in some cases, they would rather die than do.

About fifty women have been taught during this year while in the hospital for treatment. Each patient is given a catechism, and urged to study it; the assistant does the teaching, giving a large part of her time outside of clinic hours to this work, and I hear their lessons. Those who are with us for some time gain quite a knowledge of the character and Bible truths. Two women went through three of the books—primer, catechism and textbook—and one learned nearly a dozen hymns. The latter, who is here for treatment for tuberculosis, while attending the meetings during Passion Week, was greatly moved to accept and love the Saviour; the lesson of Mary at the feet of Jesus so stirred her heart that she exclaimed, "I want to

throw myself at his feet and touch his garment." While we are not able to follow up these women after they leave us, we are persuaded that fully half leave with the determination to serve the true God. To quote their words, "After what we have heard and seen here, we cannot go back and worship gods made with men's hands."

A committee from the Christian Endeavor hold meetings daily in the waiting room of the hospital for one hour before the doors are open for treatment. Thus hundreds during the year hear for the first time the gospel from one of their own countrymen. This has a twofold benefit. This opportunity for work places upon them a responsibility for the salvation of their own people, with the result that we have a live Christian Endeavor Society.

We are now treating about forty women a day, with an occasional call to see an out-patient, for which we always make a charge. And here let me state that the hospital has put forth special effort this year in raising money toward its support. One hundred and eighty gold dollars have been realized from patients, a much larger sum than has ever before been contributed. The appropriation from the American Board was less than fifty per cent of the amount asked, but with this additional sum we were able to keep up the supply of drugs and carry on the work as formerly. I sincerely hope that next winter we can open a dispensary in one of our important out-stations, where work is done for the men but nothing done for the women. Our country work for women has greatly suffered in the absence of Miss Chapin. Miss Andrews, our only other single worker, has had her hands more than full with seminary teaching, day schools and station classes. We rejoice in the hope of having Miss Chapin back in the autumn, and possibly a new worker. With my four children I am only able to do the little which comes to my door, but I hope by next winter to leave my baby and spend some days in the country seeking out those "who would hear if they had a preacher." Many doors are open to us in the villages round about through the medium of the hospital.

Mrs. Aiken, of Pao-ting-fu, tells a little of their surroundings and experiences:—

If you friends could make us a visit you certainly would have chances to see some very queer sights and hear sounds which you can't imagine. First you would look into the corners and crevices of our own compound, which is about two blocks—yes, three—in length, and more than one in width. Here are the tombstones marking the graves of the martyrs of 1900; on this very ground is where those dreadful Boxers acted their worst in many respects. Then you would like to call at the west suburb, where the

American Presbyterian Mission is situated. There they have a fine hospital and a well arranged place, generally speaking. On the way you might hear the children say, "Oh, there is a foreign devil!" This they often say because in the very heathen homes we are spoken of in that way, and many times they say it not meaning it insultingly. Remarks would be made about the ladies' hats (*maotzu*), and they might say to you as they did to Mr. Aiken once; when looking at his tight fitting clothes they said, "Cloth must be very expensive in America." Their clothes are so very full and flowing, we appear very scantily dressed.

Before I close I should like to ask you all to write more frequently. Every letter from the home friends adds so much pleasure!

MEXICO

Mrs. John Howland lets us see something of the joys and perplexities of her work in Guadalajara:—

When I am having some especially delightful time, when someone wants my help very much and I am able to give it, which is the sweetest experience in life to me, I often think, "This time and opportunity has been given to me by the dear home friends." I am so glad that the Lord and the ladies let me go on some of these errands and be "in" these good times.

This past year has been one of large opportunity, and I should feel more satisfaction if I could know that the selection of "things to do" had been always those of the most vital importance.

Shall one spend the mornings in calling? It is a beautiful work and it pays, but so does it pay to write articles and letters. Shall one entertain the college students and get to know them better? Shall one invite the members of our Mexican church to meet us in our home? Nothing seems more useful than this. Shall one respond cordially to letters brought by American travelers and strangers in the city and try to interest them in our work? That pays wonderfully. I have before me three beautiful letters from three quarters of the globe. One gentleman is to support a student in our college; another family has gone home to interest a wide circle of friends in our work; a third tells of never to be forgotten impressions gained at the meeting of our Mexican women. All these people would enjoy a correspondence, and my heart prompts to answer them at length, but in the meantime the world goes on, more strangers come, people are sick and die and are buried, and experiences follow one another rapidly.

There is always a best thing to do at the moment, and this is what I want you to ask for me in prayer, that I may choose that which is most needed, judging by the measure of God. That is what the Prayer Calendar is for,

is it not? I never felt so much help as this year. My day was a beautiful one. I did not think of it all day long, but I had a very delicate matter to arrange and some hard things to say, and the right words seemed to come. And again, I went on an almost hopeless errand to find a wandering boy, who was always gone from home when one wanted to find him. The door was locked and barred, but something prompted me to knock and wait. He was there, sorry, and wanting work and a new start. He promised me to be faithful if I could get work. I went at once to some Americans and found they needed a boy that very moment. Word at once was sent; he came, and is still at work, doing well. Another boy was visited who was comforted in his sickness, and so it went on all day, and I was so happy and glad, and in the evening I "remembered" that people had prayed for me that day.

The *Colegio Internacional* occupies a great deal of the time and thought of both Mr. Wright and Mr. Howland. The new year began in January with as many students as can be accommodated. There is an excellent spirit manifested among the pupils, and there are very few boarders who do not at once respond to the influence and become anxious to unite with the church. There is a prayer meeting every Saturday night, which is always earnest and inspiring. One of the next year's graduating class was called to return to his home in Fuerte, Sinaloa, on account of circumstances in his family, but he has opened a school which is flourishing, and besides this he preaches in several neighboring villages. People are delighted with him, and we hear many favorable testimonies from the missionaries he met on his return journey. He is one of the two who came the thousand mile journey when the school opened, three years ago, walking a large part of the way.

We are almost as much pleased with the success of the commercial department, as several of our boys have made a fine record here in the city. To-day one enters an insurance office, with a good salary, Sundays free, and a prospect of advancement. He is a brother of the young pastor in Chihuahua, also a graduate of the college, and is a young man of fine character. These business men will do more to build up our native churches than anything else, for they will help pay the salaries of pastors and aid in the matter of self-support.

The Union American Church is now rejoicing because of great denominational unity. Recently the Methodist Church decided to suspend or abandon their services and to recommend that all unite with the Union Church. The two Sunday schools have been united, the two Aid Societies merged in one, and now we have a beautiful congregation. It seems ideal that all the religious bands, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and

Episcopal, have united in one, and it ought to do great good. Mr. Howland is still the pastor, though he expects to ask the other resident missionaries to help often in preaching. The money they pay for the preaching goes into the fund of the *Colegio*, to pay for teachers. The moral effect of such unity is very great in such a city as this, and indeed it is the right way to work in any place where there are a few members of many denominations.

SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Martha E. Price, of Inanda, writes from Hill Crest, Natal, South Africa:—

I came here yesterday to visit a school that is taught by one of our girls. I am very pleased with her work. The school has seldom been visited, as it is difficult to reach. The place is an outpost of Jwili, one of our good native pastors, only fifteen miles, perhaps, from Inanda as the crow flies or by the native footpaths, but it is fifty by the way I came; only five hours, to be sure, but the trains are inconvenient as to time, so that it really takes me three days. An acquaintance kindly asked me to spend the two nights with her, also sent her carriage with me part way to the school; thence I walked with a guide for forty minutes over a rough path up and down hill. When we came to a river my guide picked me up and carried me safely over. I had two and a half hours at the school, then the two big boys accompanied me back over the forty-minute walk to the house to which the carriage had taken me in the morning. I was glad to rest on getting back here. I shall take an early train to-morrow for Durban, do some errands there for the school, and hope to get back to Inanda by the middle of the afternoon, just in time to help welcome our girls, as they will be arriving in little groups from the different places for the new term.

I have spent considerable time in visiting the outside schools, of which Mrs. Edwards has charge—six besides this one; five of them from one to four hours distant by ox carriage. I would like to tell you of my trip to the farthest one, of the road winding through valleys, around steep hillsides, up and up among groups of high hills, some table topped, others with queer round tops, nearly all with sheer rock precipices for sides. Part of the way we looked down upon the great valley of the Umgeni River below us, and saw on a little eminence the iron chapel which is Jwili's home church. At last we climbed a longer and steeper hill, looking down on a dozen or more tree ferns, and came out abruptly at the top upon a broad, level table land. We saw before us the little chapel used as schoolhouse, also the preacher's house and one or two others. I took us half an hour, however, to reach them.

I found thirty-two children sitting quietly on the long benches. The

teacher's name is Job; I fear he sadly lacks the patience of his namesake. However, on the whole, I was much pleased with the school and told him so, while saying that I hoped he would try to be gentle with them when they seemed stupid. Some of them are really very bright. It is very interesting to see such little tots briskly calling off from their slates the answers to their examples, and to hear them reading now from their English reader, then from one in Zulu. As I sat there, seeing those children neatly dressed for the most part, and heard them singing an English hymn, I thought of my first and only visit to this place. It was years ago, one Sunday, with Mr. Pixley. We went on horseback, and then had to get off and walk in some places. It was only the second time of holding a service there; there was no chapel, of course, and no audience either when we arrived about noon. By and by a few children appeared in their scanty bead attire. I took them into the hut where the service was to be held, and began telling them as simply as I could something of the story of Jesus. Presently Mr. Pixley, who had remained outside to greet the few older ones as they arrived, came in. One of my class looked up, saying, eagerly, "Is that he; is that Jesus?" The contrast between then and now seems very great. I spoke of it to the children, urging them to make the most of those blessings they are enjoying, and especially to love Him of whom they have now heard so much.

EASTERN TURKEY.

Miss Miriam Platt, who teaches kindergarten in Harpoot, writes in her vacation:—

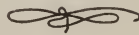
It is so good to have time to do little odd things which have waited many weeks. We have been having a regular house cleaning. It is astonishing how quickly things accumulate and we feel we must save everything for we are so far from the source of supply. The little shop in connection with the orphanage industrial department is a great convenience, for we can buy many little necessities there. One day when I was there



TWO FROM THE HARPOOT KINDERGARTEN

I saw a most interesting group of villagers; two older men and a very green looking youth, who were buying wedding garments for both this youth and his bride elect. For the young man they chose a very bright blue figured outing flannel. It seemed very funny for a man to be married in a dress like that.

Last week Tuesday we had a little entertainment for the mothers of the children. The program was very simple of songs and games. The four girls who are studying with me each read a short paper explaining to the mothers the purpose of the kindergarten and showing how mothers and teachers can work together. The children had prepared Easter cards beforehand which they gave to their mothers. After we had sent the children home we passed tea and wafers. It is astonishing how pleased the people are when we serve tea. They feel that we are honoring them. One afternoon in every week I try to spend in making calls. I enjoy it very much and I feel so much nearer to the people. I feel, too, less like a stranger in a strange land when I can look out of my windows and see so many houses where I have friends. I shall be very glad when I know Armenian better and can say all that I wish. I take a lesson every day.



Bible Women at Pagoda Anchorage

BY MRS. GEORGE H. HUBBARD

MRS. DIONG is a preacher's wife, having a salary of \$2 per month. She is a wholesome, good natured woman, without a great deal of education, yet she can read her Bible and hymn book in Romanized system, and she is a thorough convert to the western mode of learning how to read. The couple have recently been moved into a new place, where the Christians and inquirers are having a good deal of persecution. She sends me word she has good opportunities, for many women come daily to see the house and get acquainted with her. They seem eager to learn and want her to visit them, which she is doing as chance offers.

MRS. UONG has also gone to a new place, a bookseller's wife, with salary of \$3. She is a bright, energetic woman, willing to go about and walk good distances, but is somewhat hampered by family cares, as her husband is away from home much of the time. (I saw her to-day and she seemed discouraged; thinks this is the hardest place she ever got into, begged me to

send someone to go out with her to places further off, where people are more willing to hear, for the work does not seem so hard when two are together.) Our Lord set us a good example when he sent them out "two by two." Oh! if only we could do so more fully.

Mrs. MA is a quiet, ladylike little woman, highly educated, with eight years of training in the girls' seminary of the M. E. Mission. Her husband is a graduate of our mission theological school and this place, Kang-Cheng, is his second charge. Her salary is \$3. The people seem to like her, and in time I think she will get used to their country ways, and be able to help them still more.

Mrs. NNGOI is a woman of strong character and attractive personality. She has been through hard experiences in life, and there was a time when she was indeed a backslider. But through earnest, patient effort on the part of Miss Hartwell and myself, she is reclaimed, and has developed into a trained worker. Although her education is not as full as some, she is able to tell what she does know and is a good teacher. Miss Osborne likes her so much that she wants her as matron over at the new school next year. Her salary is \$4.

Mrs. DIONG (Sien-King) is one of the best workers I have ever known. She and her husband, a preacher, are greatly beloved in the small fishing village where they are stationed, and are doing a fine work. She had her training under Misses Newton and Garretson, and is an exceptionally good teacher. And now her interests are broadened, and her desire for doing good is increased, so that she acts as Bible woman part of the time, and station class teacher the other part. Her salary is \$3.

Mrs. SONG is our youngest woman on the list. Her salary is \$2.50 per month. I regret that I have not been able to visit with her recently in the distant village, seemingly gospel-hardened, and "hearten her up a bit." Oh! they all need frequent visits from the foreign lady to cheer and strengthen them.

And here I wish to say a word about the salaries. They are too small. When you halve the given sums it gives you the price in gold. Can you imagine how a family of four can live on \$2 a month, as in the case of Mrs. Nngoi. This does not include her rent, which I must pay besides, and piece out clothing as I can from our own old clothes. And she is by no means the only one I piece out in this way—so many of our poor people asking till I turn beggar myself and inquire of others if they have old clothes to give away. It might be suggested that we cut down on the number employed, but the needs of the work demand more workers rather than less. The grade of salary depends somewhat on the amount of education and training

she has had, and yet it must be modified greatly by the number dependent on her for support. This last is written for a bit of information and to give you a peep into one phase of our knotty problems out here. Pray for us constantly and earnestly, dear sisters across the waters, for we are all such weak women in this heathen land to do such a mighty work.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC

MEDICAL

EDUCATIONAL

Helps for Leaders

THE APPRENTICE IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY MISS HELEN BARNETSON CALDER

“GIVE diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth.” The first business of the Christian Church is the extension of the kingdom of God in the world; every Christian, whether minister, missionary, or member of the rank and file, being directly responsible for his share in the business. But back of the efficient workman is the apprentice, who must learn the trade by studying the work as it is done by experts that he, too, may become “a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.”

These apprentices we find in the junior departments of our Sunday schools, boys and girls who can easily be interested and trained, if the teachers themselves have passed the apprentice stage. Here are the future workmen of the kingdom, whose business in the years to come, whatever they may do to make “running expenses,” will be “serving the Lord,” and it rests with those who direct them in their apprentice days whether this service shall be what it ought to be.

Realizing the strategic importance of the Sunday school teacher’s opportunity, the editorial committee at the International Sunday School Convention in Toronto made several recommendations concerning the missionary education of children. A few of these may be of interest to our leaders, who will wish a share in this forward movement. The committee recommends:

“That the question of missions in the Sunday school be given a place on the programs of all missionary institute conventions and summer schools wherever possible throughout the country.”

“That the aid of the Sunday school boards and the societies of the various

denominations be enlisted in a systematic effort to bring before every Sunday school superintendent in the country the possibility, practicability, and necessity of the study of missions in the Sunday schools."

"That missionary instruction be made a part of the regular supplemental work in every school, unless otherwise adequately provided for."

Leaders in missionary work for children, with the authority given by these recommendations, may do much to push the work in their own schools. Many children are giving nothing to foreign missions, because the Sunday schools are neglecting this part of their training. Let the leader see that the *Dayspring* is taken by every child in the school, and his apprenticeship is begun. Let this first effort be followed by definite and systematic instruction in the class, and the skilled workman will be the final result.

The Woman's Board hope to furnish soon a simple course of study, especially adapted for Sunday schools, but in the meantime an enthusiastic teacher can secure from LIFE AND LIGHT, from the *Dayspring*, from the studies arranged for children's societies, and from missionary books sufficient material to open the eyes of her scholars to the needs of the great "world in which God lives and loves."

Let no Bible lesson be completed without finding some missionary truths therein, supplementing the study of the missionary work of the prophets and apostles of Bible times with the study of the "modern acts of the apostles." If, along with this study, the children are taught to pray for the needs of the work, so far as they know them, and to sacrifice in order that they may have a share in meeting the needs, the workmen of the coming generation will not be ashamed when their Master inspects their work.

OUR WORK AT HOME

Thankfulness

BY MRS. J. C. LABAREE

FEW bits of religious poetry are more exquisite than the lines on "Gratefulness," by the poet-pastor of Bemerton, the saintly George Herbert, the lines beginning,—

"Thou hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more,—a grateful heart."

Most Christians are thankful at times. When all goes well the heart leaps up in gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. But how is it when things go wrong, as go they will? Are we not then much like Herbert's Christian of whom he says,—

“If he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.”

We are so prone to set our hearts on one dear thing and let it so fill the horizon of our thoughts that we can see nothing else, and it becomes literally “*Le diable d'une idée*,” as Weir Mitchell calls it.

Very different is the Scripture model of thankfulness. Life was as full of sin and sorrow, perplexity and pain, as it is to-day when the Psalmist wrote, “It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High: to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning and thy faithfulness every night.”

It is interesting to note that at the time of his greatest danger and suspense Daniel not only prayed—we should all do that—but “his windows being opened in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.” What inspiration we find just here in the experiences of St. Paul, who “glories in” (gives thanks for) “infirmities” that the power of Christ may rest upon him, and enjoins upon his fellow Christians, “In everything give thanks,” adding in Ephesians, “always for all things.” Moreover, we have set before us the perfect example of our blessed Lord, who not only gave thanks in service, and communion, but in the hour of supreme sacrifice. No obstruction came between his soul and the heavenly vision. Not so with us. The present and near, though small, often shuts it out. Of this I learned a lesson years ago. I visited in summer friends in their charming home on the east bank of the Hudson. The house was surrounded by a dense grove of maples which completely shut them in. Visiting them again in winter I was charmed to see the beauty and the grandeur of the scene spread out before my astonished eyes, as the leafless trees no longer hid from view the beautiful outlines of the Catskills. Again and again it recurs to me as obstacles and anxieties of life loom up before us, shutting out the glorious peaks of God's providence, and often the vision of God himself with his Father's heart of love.

The one hundred and seventh Psalm is a good glass through which to look if we desire a thankful heart. I always feel a debt of gratitude to Miss Yonge, because years ago in one of her books she introduced me to its beauties. Ever since, through the varied experiences of life, that appeal of the Psalmist four times reiterated, “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men,” has sung itself in my heart. It is a helpful thing to dwell, as the Psalmist does, on the deliverances of the past. They were wanderers, they were hungry, they were thirsty, they sat in darkness and the shadow of death, they rebelled, they (even) contemned God and his counsels,

Yet, when they cried, he delivered. "O that men would praise him for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Hast thou a thankful heart? O my heart, art thou thankful?

If not, well may we make our own the closing prayer of Herbert's inimitable poem:—

"Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst thou be,
'Til I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee.

Not thankful when it pleaseth me,—
As if thy blessings had spare days,—
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise."



The Unused Talent

Matt. xxii, 21; Ps. cxliv, 1-15

BY MRS. SARAH PROCTOR JOSLIN

As the summer days were drawing to a close and thoughts of the winter's work were rising on my mental vision the desire grew upon me to bring some word of quickening to the women of our church on the use of the talents God has given them. The place where we live is the place where our work should be done, and our church is our vineyard to cultivate for Christ.

The quality of definiteness is one of the most important when we come to survey the task which is given us to do. Regularly, systematically, in cold and heat, in season and out of season, our work should be performed if we expect it to be effective.

One great lack in our church life is the scarcity of leaders. Whenever a president of one of our societies resigns, her successor is hard to find and still harder to persuade to take the vacant place. But why should this be so? There are many women of exceptional ability among us who are fully equal to the demands of these positions. Do they refuse to take them because they do not have faith that God will give them strength and wisdom? A spirit of humility and willingness to serve in any capacity would make this refusal impossible during our generation. It is a noticeable fact that when any woman has assumed with hesitancy a leading position in any of our societies, that under the pressure of her new responsibilities she has developed a power entirely adequate to the demands upon her. We have seen this happen so often that it has ceased to surprise us.

Again, we need to cultivate the faculty of imparting to others. We have grown so accustomed to absorb we need to be trained to give out. It was once said to me of an excellent man, "He was a splendid type of a receiver, but he was in every sense an exhausted receiver, because he never gave out

to others of the riches he had received." We do not realize that we impoverish our own growth in the spiritual life by persistently refusing to impart to others that of which we have so abundantly received. There is nothing more humiliating to an earnest preacher than to speak words of vigor and stimulating energy on Sunday, and see no vital results on his hearers during the week.

We are responsible not only for the evil that we do but for the good we fail to do, the good that might have flowed from our lives. We bury our God-given talents when we are too tired, or too selfish, or too busy with worldly cares to use them for his glory. Do you dare to say that you have no talent? Know, then, that nothing is so capable of improvement as the human soul, and freely as you have received, begin at once freely to give.

It is a wonderful endowment to discover the gifts of others and to bring them into notice and action. Shall we not begin to look for these signs of promise in the younger women of the church, and urge them to use their powers for the common good? Each member of the human body supplements the others, and our body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. We are all builded together into this spiritual temple, and each one is needed to perfect the building. Read the description of the tabernacle of old, and note the office of every bar and socket and ring and pillar, and find the lesson that you and I are to know our place, and knowing it, to fill it.

I have noted the wonderful way that faithful souls have filled so large a place in the church's work. One has drawn from God's great storehouse of truth the knowledge and the power to impart it to hundreds of young women who have gone out to fulfill their mission in the world and to scatter again abroad the seed sown.

But, you object, I cannot offer distinguished work like this, so owned and blessed of God. But can you not teach at all? Our powers are like the human hand, that grows by using. Wider fields and larger opportunities come to those who teach with all their might. "The only way to enlarge our sphere," said a wise teacher, "is to fill to overflowing the sphere we are in."

Some write words of sympathy and helpfulness to our missionaries at home and abroad. Why cannot more of these letters be written? "I never wrote to a missionary," you say; "it is impossible." Why is it impossible? Can you never do anything that you never did before? Sympathy and helpfulness are the two things needed for these letters; no good woman is without these gifts. Do not withhold them from your distant missionary sister, who feels her loneliness and isolation just as keenly as you would if you were in her place. It is the pleasure of some to keep abreast of the progress and needs of our missions, and to bring facts of interest into our missionary meetings. Who would be willing to share in the privileges of a church and yet give no act of service in return? How sad is the case of the one who says, "I have hid Thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine." The person with one talent, however insignificant, may put that talent to such use that he will count more in the service of God and humanity than the ten-talented person who fails to improve what he has, and therefore by the law of reversion to the original type, loses what he had at the start.

The emphasis in the parable is not laid on the five talents, or two talents, or one talent, but on faithfulness in the use of all. The careful use of any talent increases its power as is the case with the athlete's strength, the artist's skill, and the musician's art. Why cannot we prove this natural law in ourselves this winter?

When at our annual meetings the question arises as to who shall fill the places of responsibility on the committees and the executive boards, be sure that there is a place somewhere that you can and ought to fill without excessive urging. Not that you should always hold office, but you should give conscientiously at least a term of service on some of the church's committees. So many decline this task that rather than the work should fail, the faithful few take on additional burden after burden until their strength is overtaxed and their mental energies are relaxed. Then comes the so common complaint about the lack of sparkle and brilliancy and variety about our meetings. Why should they be sparkling and brilliant when the workers are so few and overladen? Instead of standing critically aloof, will you not put your own shoulder to the wheel this winter and bring into our meetings the forcible qualities they need?

How often we long to hear a new voice in prayer. Some souls who have had kindred experiences with your own need your prayers and can be helped by them. If you feel that more extended prayer is not for you to offer, can you not offer a sentence prayer quietly sitting in your seat? "Lord, give us grace to be faithful," and kindred supplications would bring a blessing to those who listen, and to her who offers the petition.

Have I only told you an old, old story? I wish I could impress it with power on your lives. All eternal truths are truisms and commonplace, and there has been nothing new and striking in my words. But duties conscientiously fulfilled bring a light and a radiance into life that time spent in idle pleasure can never give. "God calls us to account," said a great preacher in a neighboring church, "not so much for the results of our lives, but for the purpose and faithfulness in them." Probation has a limit and an end.



Our Daily Prayer in November

By a change in the constitution of the W. B. M. the annual meeting will henceforth begin on the second Wednesday in November. So that we ask you who follow the prayer calendar topics to transfer the subjects for petition given for November 7, 8 and 9, to October 31 and November 1 and 2. Mrs. De Forest, like the wife of a pastor at home, finds endless opportunity for service with the women near at hand. To this she adds much evangelistic and touring work in ways costly of time and strength. Miss Bradshaw is an efficient and successful worker, who gives much directly religious effort, and also spends much time in touring. Mrs. Pedley, while caring for her own family, finds continually ways to help the Japanese mothers in her vicinity, and is in all her living truly missionary. Miss Parmelee is

carrying the greatly needed and most useful work among the thousands of factory girls in Matsuyama. Miss Keith, who has been a teacher in Kobe College, has become Mrs. C. McL. Warren and will work in Matsuyama.

Miss Griswold, who has done difficult and blessed evangelistic work, is now in this country for her furlough.

Miss Daughaday is the only unmarried missionary lady at Sapporo. She finds companionship in ardent devotion to an engrossing and never ending work of evangelism. Mrs. Rowland, always enthusiastic, shares with Miss Daughaday the work among Japanese women. The delicate health of Mrs. Bell has compelled her return with her husband to this country.

Mrs. White, whose home in Tsuyama is remote from educational opportunities, has spent much of the past year in Tokyo, that she may make there a home for her children studying in the Doshisha. Mrs. Gulick, whose husband, the author of the brilliant books, the *Evolution of the Japanese* and *The White Peril*, has accepted a professorship in the Theological School at Kyoto, is now with him for a few months of study in Germany. Miss Judson has gone joyfully back to her beloved work in the night school for the poor in Matsuyama. The girls' school at Matsuyama, with about seventy pupils, exerts a marked Christian influence, though all the teachers are Japanese. The auxiliary of the South Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently adopted this school.

The North China Mission has 38 common schools, with 720 pupils, 325 of them girls. Mrs. Roberts gives much time to personal work with the women, and has charge of the newly founded girls' school. At last report there were only six pupils, and the small number gives opportunity for close personal work. In the lack of a resident physician she also dispenses medicines, and she hears classes in the boys' school, teaches in the Sunday school, and sometimes shares her husband's tours. Mrs. Sprague shares in this work, and has done some valuable touring, besides holding station classes and regular meetings for women. Mrs. Stanley is motherly to many a perplexed worker, both native and foreign, and her many years of service have given her invaluable wisdom in answering hard, practical questions. In the midst of a great movement toward Christianity Mrs. Chapin must feel the burden of all the mission of the work far too great for the present force of workers.

Dr. and Mrs. Atwood, whose work in the Shansi field was broken off by the Boxers in 1900, are now stationed at Fen-cho-fu, where the reopening of the churches is most encouraging. Mrs. Atwood shares in the tours and the school work, and could the force there be strengthened abundant fruit would soon follow.

Mrs. Perkins joins to the care of her little ones much medical service to the poor and suffering who abound in her vicinity. Mrs. Aiken, rejoicing in a new little daughter, yet takes time from home duties and joys to help the needy in her neighborhood. Though Miss Jones has been so short a time in China, yet with the help of a Bible woman she does effective work in touring and in station classes.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? If I would declare and speak of them they are more than can be numbered.

Suggestions for Auxiliary Meetings

TOPICS FOR 1905-1906

November.—Thank Offering Meeting.

December.—Chapter I of *Christus Liberator*: The Dark Continent, Religions of Africa, Position of Woman, The Liquor Traffic, The Slave Trade.

January.—Chapter II: The Nile Country, Abyssinia, North Africa, British Control in Egypt, What Missions Have Done in Egypt, The Coptic Church.

February.—Chapter III: West Africa, Sierra Leone, Liberia, The Gold Coast, Hausa Land.

March.—Chapter IV: East Africa, Uganda and Missions There, Martyrs, Madagascar and the French Rule.

April.—Chapter V: The Congo State and Central Africa, Geography, History, Henry M. Stanley and His Work, Present Conditions, Livingstonia.

May.—Chapter VI: The Kaffirs, the Basutos, the Zulus, Dutch in South Africa, Conflict between British Native and Dutch Interests.

June.—Congregational Missionary Work in South Africa.

July.—Congregational Missionary Work in West Africa.

August.—Congregational Missionary Work in East Africa.

September.—What shall we do for Africa? Practical Outcome of the Year's Study.

TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

The Dark Continent. Every leader will find much help in the little pamphlet called *Outlines of Lectures*, which gives many of the points brought out in the Summer School at Northfield, where the successive chapters of *Christus Liberator* were taken up by different speakers.

Miss Parsons, the author, says of this first chapter that its aim is to show the condition which preceded modern missions in Africa, and how the way was opened for Christian missions.

Let some one show on the map, if possible by coloring it green, the color sacred to the "prophet," that part of Africa which is Mohammedan. Let her put in black all the great area which is still in the depths of paganism, while the little that is left will show where Christianity is partly known. Explain the fear and worship of spirits that prevails among the native tribes. Show the condition of woman as the missionaries find it. The article on page 488 of this number gives an idea of the way in which millions live to-day, and in the number for September, 1900, Mrs. Goodenough gives a pitiful picture of Africa's Darkness, while Miss Martha Price shows the way in which Christianity has found an entrance to parts of the Dark Continent.



Sidelights from Periodicals

AN article in *The Outlook* for September 9, entitled "Foreign Missions as Social Settlements" by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, gives a fine outline of the subject, and quotes tributes to the worth of mission work from high authorities abroad. It should be read by all who wish another argument on the value of missions, and may well be used to interest the uninterested.

JAPAN.—The above mentioned article refers especially to Japan, giving an interesting account of one line of work there. "Japan's Elder Statesmen and the Peace" in the *Review of Reviews* for October shows where many patriotic Japanese place responsibility for the peace.

INDIA.—“The Future of British India” in the *Review of Reviews* for October gives the opinion of Sir Henry Cotton as to the possibility of great things for India, and is enlightening and suggestive.

CHINA.—*The Century* for October prints an illustrated article by an American artist, entitled “With the Empress Dowager.” It is especially interesting as the author was the first foreigner to be entertained at the palace, and as she describes her experiences in a chatty, picturesque fashion.

E. E. P.



Annual Meeting

THE thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 8 and 9, 1905. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held on Tuesday, November 7.

Entertainment during the meeting is offered to regularly accredited delegates appointed by Branches and to lady missionaries. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names to Mrs. Henry D. Noyes, 704 Congregational House, Boston, before October 9. For delegates and others who may wish to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address.

It is expected that the usual reduction of railroad rates, one and a third fare for the round trip, will be secured.



Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts from August 18 to September 18, 1905.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor, East Machias, Aux., 3; Island Falls, Aux., 13; Norridgewock, Aux., 4, County Conf. Meeting, 1; Searsport, Aux., 12; Skowhegan, Miss'y Soc., 22; Thomaston, Aux., 4. Less expenses, 23,

36 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. A Friend, 3; Atkinson, Aux., 20, C. R., 1.50, M. C. Flowers of Hope, 12; Barrington, Aux., 21.23; Bennington, Aux., 10.50; Boscawen, Aux., 6; Brentwood, Aux., 2; Chester, Aux., 16; Claremont, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Lavinia F. Needham), 31; Concord, Aux., 10, South Ch., Golden Rule

M. B., 10; Concord, West, Aux., 7; Dunbarton, Aux., 10.50; Frankestown, Aux., 10; Goffstown, Aux., 27.73; Hampton, C. R., 10; Hanover, Aux., 6, Wide Awake M. B., 9; Henniker, C. E. Soc., 10; Hinsdale, Aux., 20; Hollis, Aux., 17.45; Hudson, Aux., 4.45, C. E. Soc., 3.90, Happy Workers M. B., 3.15; Jaffrey, Aux., 14.50; Keene, Court St. Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Willis Hadley), 23, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Frederick B. Pierce), 26, C. R., 15.52; Lancaster, Aux. (C. R., 6.25) (to const. L. M. Mrs. Ellen Cobleigh), 25; Lebanon, Aux., 41; Lisbon, Aux., 20; Littleton, Aux., 42.31; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 121, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 200, C. R., 7; Mason, Aux., 8.42; Meriden, Aux., 25, Frances Clays C. R., 2.75; Merrimack, Aux., 21.51; Milford, Aux., 6.29; Nashua, Pilgrim Ch.,

Y. L. M. S., 10; New Boston, Aux., 10; Northfields, Aux., 10; Northwood, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Mary A. Woolson), 25; Pembroke, Aux., 1; Peñacook, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss M. Annie Fiske), 25; Piermont, Homeland Circle, 3; Plaistow, Plaistow and North Haverhill, Mass., King's Messengers, 2; Plymouth, Aux., 25, C. E. Soc., 5; Portsmouth, Aux., 69; Raymond, Aux., 10; Rindge, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Anna Newton), 35.04, Happy Helpers, 10; Rochester, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Isabel F. Wendell), 25, Y. L. M. S., 6; Seabrook and Hampton Falls, Aux., 7.50; Stratham, Aux., 10.50; Walpole, Aux., 34; Warner, Aux., 4.50; Webster, Aux., 2; Wilton, Aux., 22. Less expenses, 7.93, 1,225 32

LEGACY.

Lyme.—Mrs. Louise H. Horton, by Dr. J. W. Bean, Extr., West Medford, Mass., 905 00

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas., St. Johnsbury, Ascutneyville, 5; Bakersfield, 3.68; Barnet, 28.75; Barre, Prim. Dept. S. S., 10; Barton, 12.40; Barton Landing (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. C. E. Gay), 26; Bellows Falls, 32.84, Mt. Kilburn Jr. Aux., 35, Miss Frances Osgood, 5; Bennington, 7, Second Ch., 40; Bennington, North, 19.50; Benson, 14; Berkshire, East, 5, C. E. Soc., 5; Bradford, 25; Brandon, 13; Brattleboro, 50; Brattleboro, West (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. F. R. Mann), 19.52; Brookfield, First Ch., 12.25; Burlington, First Ch., 84.25, College St. Ch., 52.50; Cabot, 11.50; Cambridge, 16; Cambridgeport, 5.30; Castleton, 12.70; Chelsea, 10, C. E. Soc., 8, Jr. Benevolent Soc., 6; Chester, 14; Colchester, 6.97, C. E., 3.37; Cornwall, 35; Coventry, 12; Craftsbury, North, 9.50; Danville, 24.20; Derby, 9; Dummerston, East, 6.50; Enosburgh, East (to const. L. M. Mrs. Elvira R. Perkins), 25, S. S., 12.15; Essex Junction, 13.65; Fair Haven, 17; Ferrisburg, 10.20; Franklin, 60 cts., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.25; Georgia, 15; Glover, West, 17; Greensboro, 10.65, C. R., 4.35, Guildhall, 5.50, C. E. Soc., 4.50; Hardwick, East, 18; Hartford, 31.80; Irasburgh, 5; Jericho, 9; Jericho Centre, 32; Johnson (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. J. H. Fuller), 14.45, Mrs. Hill's S. S. Class, 3.55; Ludlow (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. W. N. Bryant), 26; Lyndon, 32, Buds of Promise, 10; Lyndonville, 5.25, Busy Bees, 11; Manchester, 22.77; McIndoe, 20.67; Middletown Springs (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Susan E. Coy), 55; Milton, 16; Montpelier, 17.50; Morrisville, 6; Newbury, 74; Newport, 4.10; Northfield, 34.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.50; Norwich, 19.50; Orwell, 44.02, Jr. C. E. Soc., 8; Peacham (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Renwick Wilson, Mrs. Walter Blanchard, Mrs. Nelson Bailey, Miss Mary Bickford), 52.03; Pittsford, 104; Post Mills (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Miss Eva Benson, Mrs. Blanche Colton), 40; Poutney, East, 4.15; Randolph Centre, 14; Ro-

chester, 7.44; Royalton, 10; Rupert, 13.60; St. Albans, 87.65; St. Johnsbury, North Ch. (25 of wh. by "H" to const. L. M. Elinor Fairbanks Stone), 116.87, South Ch., 26.42, Search Light Club, 41.47, C. E. Soc., 5; St. Johnsbury, East (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. E. C. Grant), 32.50; Sheldon, 4, C. E. Soc., 2.50; South Hero, 10; Springfield, 70.60; Stowe (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. H. A. G. Abbe), 78; Strafford, 14, C. E. Soc., 5; Thetford, 27, C. E. Soc., 10; Underhill, 30.41; Vergennes, 28.25; Waterford, Lower, 5; Waterbury (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. E. F. Palmer, Jr.), 16; Waterville, 5; Wells River, 9; Westford, 9; West Rutland, 10; Williams-town, 16; Williston, 4; Wilmington, 11.60; Windham, 5; Windsor, 26.55; Woodstock, 122. Less expenses, 11.50, 2,418 73

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Friend, 20 00
A Friend, 20 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith and family, 1 20
Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmoor, Treas., 8 Lenox St., Lawrence, Billerica, Aux., 20; Lowell, Kirk St. Ch., 30; Methuen, C. R., 10.32; Wakefield, Aux., 37, 97 32
Barnstable Co. Branch.—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., Orleans, Centreville, Ladies' Miss Soc., 16.75, 16 75
Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield, Dalton, A Friend, 100; Hinsdale, Aux., 16.52; Housatonic, Aux., 13.79; Lee, Aux., 221.25, S. S., 5; North Adams, Aux., 35; Richmond, Aux., 7.70; Stockbridge, Aux., 19.90, 398 26
Cambridge.—Friends, through Mrs. E. C. Moore, 220 00
Concord.—Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 25 00
Essex South Branch.—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas., Beverly, Danvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 56.70; Gloucester, Aux., 88; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Emma N. Entwistle), 20, 164 70
Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield, Northfield, Aux., 17.95; Orange, Aux., 6.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Shelburne, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4.50, 31 95
Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton, Greenwich, Aux., 10.10; South Hadley, Jr. Aux., 5, A Friend, 1; Westhampton, Aux., 105; Williamsburg, Aux., 50, 171 10
Interlaken.—Mrs. E. P. Seymour, 6 00
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Weymouth, Easton, Aux., 26; South Weymouth, Union Ch., Aux., 10, 36 00
North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Wayland Spaulding, Treas., Bedford Park, New York City, Acton Centre, Cong. Ch., Aux., 12; Ashby, Aux., 26.61; Ayer, Aux., 34; Boxboro, Aux., 17.30, C. E. Soc., 5; Concord, Aux., 20; Dunstable, Aux., 20; Lunenburg, Aux., 11; Pepperell, Aux., 30, 175 91
Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River, Attleboro Falls, Aux., 8, Girls'

M. B., 5.25; Fall River, Willing Helpers, 130; New Bedford, Trinitarian Ch., 12.62; South Attleboro, Aux., 3,	158 87
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Longmeadow, M. C., 20, C. E. Soc., 10; Springfield, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. George Pirnie), 25.25, The Gleaners, 5; Three Rivers, Ladies' Aid Soc., 10, Go-to-Church Band, 7, C. R., 6,	83 25
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary L. Pelkey, Treas., 30 Mt. Pleasant St., North Cambridge. Boston, Berkeley Temple, Sunshine Club, 10, Union Ch., Aux., 50; Cambridge, Prospect St. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 20; Franklin, Mary Warfield Miss. Soc., 17; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 35; Medfield, Aux., A Friend, 25, Newtonville, Central Cong. Ch., C. R., 24.64; Norwood, W. F. M. S., 68; Somerville, Highland Ch., Aux., 5.50; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 25,	280 14
<i>Correction.</i> —In July LIFE AND LIGHT, Mansfield, Len. Off., 21.61, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, should read Mansfield, Len. Off., 21.61; Medfield, Aux., Len. Off., 19.25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5.	
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Theodore Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Millbury, Second, Aux., 88; Petersham, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Dawes, 100; Rutland, Girls' Miss. Club, 2.50; Shrewsbury, Aux., 38; Whitinsville, Aux., 1; Worcester, Central, Aux., 2, Union, Aux., 22, Mrs. N. F. Pike, 40 cts.,	253 90
Total,	2,160 35

LEGAOY.

Eddyville.—Mrs. Charlotte E. Pratt, by Samuel Breck, Admr., 2,000 00

CONNECTICUT.

A Friend,	15 00
<i>Darien.</i> —Jr. C. E. Soc.,	10 00
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Goshen, Band of Workers, 12.42; Hampton, Aux., 13.85; New London, First Ch., Aux., 27; Stonington, Second Ch., Aux., 10.50; Thompson, Aux., 9; West Woodstock, Aux., 13,	85 77
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. East Windsor, C. R., 6.14; Glastonbury, Aux., 242; Hartford, Fourth Ch., Dau. of Cov., 21, Park Ch., Aux., 3; Newington, Aux., 40; Somers, C. E. Soc., 20; Southington, Aux., 28.79; Tolland, Aux., 57.68,	418 61
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. A Friend C., 40; Bridgeport, West End Ch., Aux., 15, King's Dau., 5, C. E. Soc., 5; Bridgewater, Aux., 20; Cheshire, Aux., 10; Darien, Aux., 8; Deep River, Aux., 5; Ellsworth, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Falls Village, C. E. Soc., 3; Greenwich, Aux., 45; Ivoryton, C. E. Soc., 1.50; Litchfield, Aux., 64.50, C. E. Soc., 10.70; Marlboro, C. E. Soc., 10; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 44.90; Long Hill, C. E. Soc., 8, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Milford, Plymouth Ch., Aux., Mrs. Owen T. Clarke (to const. L. M. Mrs. Annie Hawkins	

(Ford), 25; Millington, C. E. Soc., 3; Ne-paug, C. E. Soc., 8; New Canaan, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 50, Miss Ogden, 25; North Kent, C. E. Soc., 4; North Woodbury, C. E. Soc., 15; Salisbury, Aux., 27.54; South Canaan, C. E. Soc., 3.30; Stamford, Aux., 25; Stanwich, Aux., 15; Stratford, Aux., 48; Warren, Aux., 18; Washington, C. E. Soc., 9; Watertown, C. E. Soc., 10; West Cornwall, C. E. Soc., 20; Westport, Aux., 10; Winchester, C. E. Soc., 6.76; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 12.60, C. E. Soc., 9, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 10,	658 80
<i>New London.</i> —Mrs. J. N. Harris,	500 00
Total,	1,688 18

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Angola, Miss A. H. Ames, 5; Blooming Grove, Aux., 70; Brooklyn, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 100, Willoughby Ave. Chapel, Aux., 4.24, C. E. Soc., 5; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 42.50; Cambria, C. E. Soc., 2; Crown Point, Aux., 12; Deansboro, Dau. of Cov., 5; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 15; Fairport, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Gladys Elizabeth Schummers), 40; Gasport, Aux., 4; Harford, Pa., Aux., 10; Ithaca, S. S., 15.15; New York, Bethany Chapel, C. E. Soc., 22, C. R., 1, Pilgrim Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 10; Oswego, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. S. B. Burchard), 15; Orwell, Aux., 30; Patchogue, Aux., 6.90; Port Leyden, Aux., 2.10; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miranda Beards), 48; Rensselaer Falls, C. E. Soc., 4; Rocky Point, Mrs. M. S. Hallock, 10; Saratoga Springs, Aux., 206; South Hartford, Aux., 60. Less expenses, 30.07, 714 82	
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PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 27, Fifth Ch., Aux., 3.54, Prim. Dept. C. R., 4.40; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 45, Pilgrim Workers, 47; Nutley, Sunshine Club, M. B., 5; Orange Valley, C. E. Soc., 25; Plainfield, Aux., 20; Westfield, The Covenanters, 24.10,	201 04
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NEBRASKA.

Reno.—Mrs. M. J. Henderson, 1 00

CHINA.

<i>Foochow.</i> —Ponasang Girls' School, C. E. Soc.,	30 75
Donations,	8,303 04
Specials,	173 15
Legacies,	2,905 00
Total,	11,381 19

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1904 TO SEPT. 18, 1905.

Donations,	93,689 71
Specials	2,944 65
Legacies,	20,674 51
Total,	\$117,308 87

BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

President,

Miss LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

Foreign Secretary

MRS. C. W. FARNAM,
Fruitvale, Cal.

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Miss MARY McCLEES,
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.



Extracts from Annual Report of W. B. M. P.

JAPAN

NOTWITHSTANDING the many new problems which the year brought, the vexed questions, the unrest and the anxiety, yet there has been a gradual and gratifying growth in the Doshisha Girls' School. Sixteen girls have been baptized during the year. The boarding pupils assist in two Sabbath schools and carry on two of their own with an average attendance of over one hundred pupils. It is a pretty sight to see the girls start off on Sunday afternoons so earnest and interested. The girls follow their Sunday school work with calling at the homes of the children. Miss Legge was obliged to leave on account of her own health and the illness of her sister, in addition to some editorial work she had to do to complete the memoirs of her honored father. It was a trial to her to give up this work she loved so well in Japan. Her place has not yet been filled.

Miss Denton writes: "In January I hardly knew how we could get through the year, but the help always comes. I am glad to tell you how splendidly the girls have come forward this term and how well the teaching has been done, thanks to Miss Carey and Miss Phelps, who have both helped us much and greatly to the satisfaction of the girls.

"Music is an important factor in this school. Too much cannot be said in emphasis of this. It opens boundless opportunities to the girls who go out to teach if they can play the organs now found in all the common schools. It is an entering wedge. People will always listen to singing so that the most prejudiced in this way hear the truth. It has been a power among the soldiers and in the hospitals. An American nurse says that no songs please as do the hymns, so you see we cannot neglect this—the psychological moment for Christianity to sing itself into Japan.

“Kyoto is the Rome of Japan. Here center the art, the poetry, the history, the politics, the literature of the nation. The school grounds face the great Imperial Park with the palace occupied for eleven hundred years by the emperors of Japan, so that the health and quiet of the location are unsurpassed. There are government and private schools for girls in Japan but none with a course of study approaching the Doshisha, so that the need of this school is a very true one. The outlook for its future depends very largely on its reinforcement and improvement in equipment. A new recitation building and a dormitory must be had with an income that will keep them in repair. How to house the girls is a problem with which they are now struggling. In most of the rooms the beds, that is, the thick comfortables, which are spread on the floor every night, folded and put away every morning, just fill the rooms so they must be rolled up at one end while the unrobing and hair dressing and brushing are in progress, for two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.”

In addition to the two buildings mentioned above, this school needs at once three young college graduates, one of whom must be a superior teacher of music, vocal and instrumental. It needs one piano and two organs. So long they have been calling for these. How will they get them? And pianos so cheap now.

The new conditions and possibilities resulting from the war cannot be overstated or overestimated. Miss Denton says: “I so long for a gift that will enable us to fittingly meet the times—more money for running expenses of the school and an endowment fund, the interest of which can be used each year for bringing to Christ the young women of Japan. It needs united prayer for the school that it may be perfected and helped in all ways to become more and more a blessing to the millions of Japan who cannot hear unless they are taught.”

“I cannot believe that anywhere else in the world was there ever a grander opportunity for Christian work than in Japan. This Doshisha has a unique place and possibilities limited only by lack of workers and equipment, and now is the time, for if Christian schools do not take and hold the field, the chance of leadership will be lost.” “Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into the harvest.”

SUMMARY

What then are some of the things needed at once and asked of us as a Missionary Board?

For Japan: two buildings and equipments; three teachers; one piano; two organs; an endowment fund—and prayer.

For Southern China: two buildings for the kindergarten and its teachers;

money for enlargement of the station classes and Bible women work—and prayer.

For Brousa: enlargement; a lengthening of cords and a strengthening of stakes—and prayer.

For India: money to help Mr. Perkins to house and feed the large number in his school, and to add to its numbers that his mind may be relieved of financial cares—and prayer.

Micronesia, torn by the whirlwind and destroyed by the tempest: everything—and specially prayer.

Africa: prayer, prayer, prayer—the prayer that believes that we receive the things asked for.

Fifteen thousand dollars to-day would not cover the cost of the buildings alone that are asked for. Are we equal to it? I think I hear you say “no.” Who then is equal to it? “With God all things are possible and we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us.”

If we had faith enough to dare to attempt great things for God, realizing that God is a partner in the concern, a factor in the corporation, and that there is no limit to his resources, like the Israelites of old we should see the waves of seeming impossibilities divide at our approach and we should pass through them with victory on our banners and a song of triumph on our lips.

CHINA.

PAO-TING-FU, May 30, 1905.

Report of Women's Work in the Pao-ting-fu District: The work for women has been carried on much as last year and with growing interest. Summer classes for Bible study conducted by the native teachers and pastor were held as in the year previous. In November a station class was held especially for country women and girls. Average attendance, twenty-three for the month.

Girls' Union Memorial School is the name decided upon as appropriate for the educational work in which we are united with the Presbyterian Mission, Miss Grace Newton, principal. In this school we



A BIBLE WOMAN IN NORTH CHINA
EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD

have twenty-four pupils, most of them healthy, happy and doing well in their lessons. Two of these girls were in the country station class and others hope to come.

We still have three Bible women on the roll this year, and two helpers have their wives with them in the country where they do good work for the women of the villages in which their husbands preach.

The work of touring has been carried on more extensively this year than last. Mrs. Perkins and Miss Jones have spent seventy odd days in the country, held one class, visited and taught those interested in the truth, making in all some forty odd visits.

The primary school is still in charge of Mrs. Yang and doing very nicely. Average attendance, about twenty. Some of the rote work is being replaced by arithmetic, geography, and nature study. The children, boys and girls together, in this school, are little people from five to ten years of age.

The village schools are closed. Roman Catholic persecutions stopped some pupils from attending, while other children have come to Pao-ting-fu to school. Classes are still held in these places from time to time, for a week or twenty days, so that though the schools are closed the work is not.

On reading this report one can easily see the need of another single lady worker. When the city and school work is done the country work has to be neglected and *vice versa*. Must it be so much longer?

Miss Jones adds:—

I was in the country so much this year that the regular work in which I have to be examined was left till this summer and I find it a bit hard to put in long hours in such hot weather. Being thrown into the work as I have I have progressed in the spoken language much in advance of the written, so that is my work this summer, writing and reading. I, in company with Mrs. Perkins and the children, start for our summer vacation in about ten days. Annual meeting is the 7th of August, at which time I take my examinations.

I am not very strong this summer, but am so much better than I was last that I have everything for which to be thankful. I think a few weeks' rest and change of air will make me ready for anything that the fall may bring forth.

I hope to spend the most of the fall in the country, there are so many places that are inviting us to come. Nearly every place I visited this spring is calling for a station class, so that will mean, if I give them even a week or ten days, almost the entire time up to cold weather in the country.

I think I wrote you from our most southern station in February. I hope never to be out in February again. It is too cruelly cold a climate and too miserably poor accommodations to be able to keep well. We have very nice falls and springs so I hope to get my out-station work done then and be at home for the intense cold and heat.

The new church is coming on very nicely. It is a gray brick and will seat five hundred or six hundred persons.

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A Turkish Wedding

BY MISS ORVIS, TALAS

I WROTE in my last letter about the wedding to which I had been invited and promised to give a report of it later.

Miss Burrage and I were the only Americans who could arrange to go, though all were invited. On Monday evening Miss Cushman and I walked down to Talas from the camp. The people along the way were very much shocked to see us walking and all took it for granted that it must be because Dr. Dodd's horse had been stolen. (By the way, the horse was brought back in less than a week. It was found loose in a drove of horses near a village not far from here. Because the rope was cut and because the horse was a pet, we know he did not go away of his own accord. Probably the thieves were afraid to keep him when the government began to look for him and therefore they turned him loose.)

Well, we were quite tired by the time we reached home and were glad to have a hot Turkish bath at the hospital. The next day I spent at the school preparing six rooms for the whitewasher and having all the windows taken out and washed. I had to leave at six A.M. the next day, so everything was left in a torn-up state until I returned.

We had our own wagon, but our regular driver has been away all summer taking his military drill. By paying a large sum of money he was

excused from taking the full six years which is required of nearly every Turk. The Armenians and Greeks are never taken into the army, but have to pay an extra tax instead. Our driver's brother has been taking his place this summer, but he knows very little about the business. We were glad, therefore, on the way over to Monjoorsoon, to have one of the young men teachers go along with us and show us the way as well as to help the man drive. We reached the village about nine A.M. and were received with a warm welcome at the bride's home. There we had time to wash our faces and put on our wedding garments (silk gowns, etc.) and to eat a second breakfast before the party coming with the bridegroom appeared before the gate. We heard the singing of hymns as they came down the street. Soon the room was crowded with people. I was asked to go out to another room and assist in the ceremony of putting the veil on the bride. As I had never been taught that peculiar art I had to be instructed then and there. I was told that I must pin the front part of the veil back across the arms so that she could not move them. A wreath of flowers was put on her head and with the white tulle veil and pretty pink dress, she was as sweet a bride as you could wish. I told you that she was one of our graduates this year. I had many things to learn about the proper customs and practices at a wedding. After the veil was finally arranged to our satisfaction we led the bride into the room where the company was waiting. She was put on the corner of the broad seat, which always is built around three sides of a Turkish guest room, in the corner opposite the one in which the groom was seated. But the bride must not sit, Oh no! She remained standing there in the corner while everyone else was seated. Then refreshments were passed (they were never passed to her). It was very funny indeed to see them bring in the honey, watermelon, thick cream, chicken and sweet cakes and pass them around with a fork, one mouthful to each person, and all with the one fork, mind you. On the strength of the fact that we had just eaten our second breakfast before this part of the program, we begged to be excused from a part of the bill of fare. Rose water was passed, as it always is at weddings. After a time the procession was formed to go to the church for the wedding ceremony. All the men with the bridegroom (who is the new pastor) in their midst went ahead and the women with the bride followed behind. We climbed up a long dusty hill and the people sang hymns as well as they could on the way. It was really quite an impressive occasion. When we had reached the church, we were given seats at one side near the front. All the other women and most of the men sat on the floor. The bridal party had chairs near the center. Here, in place of a bridesmaid being a young, unmarried lady, a married woman is always chosen to attend the bride. A

man and his wife, on this occasion, were the best man and best maid(?). The very venerable and fine old man who has been pastor of this church for many years and has recently resigned was the man who performed the ceremony. It was very touching, he was so fatherly and so kind in his remarks.

During the sermon, which came first, I was almost led to believe that it was very improper indeed for me to be an unmarried person. He took for his text, "It is not good for man to live alone." I consoled myself by thinking that women were not men. It was very pleasant after the ceremony to go to the new home, which is a cozy house of four rooms, and no one will live there with the newly married couple. This is almost an unheard of arrangement in Turkey. The usual custom is for the young man to take his bride home to live with his father and mother and all the other brothers and their wives. The newest bride is the servant of the household and never is allowed to speak or eat when one of the others is in the room. This must continue until there is a newer bride, or until there is a son born. At this home even the women and the men were separated and the bride went with the women into one room while the men and the groom were in the best room. Here, also, the bride remained standing and, as before, was not offered anything to eat or drink when refreshments were served to the others. Finally, though, they gave her a chair and a sip of rose water at our suggestion. She was rather embarrassed to have us notice her and never dared to speak even when we spoke to her. Usually the bride is required to go around the room and kiss the hands of everyone present. In addition to this, she must go and kiss the hand of every member of the husband's household as often as one enters the room. This kissing part was entirely omitted in this particular case.

By three o'clock we were permitted to depart and we went then with some friends to a vineyard, where we sat and ate cucumbers and green grapes. They brought us tiny cups of black coffee, also. I always enjoy that. Afterwards we went to call at the homes of a few of the girls who have been pupils at our school. Everywhere we went we were given warm, sweetened water flavored with some kind of fruit, or without flavoring, as the case might be. This is a most trying custom, for if we drink we are likely to have typhoid fever, and if we do not drink we are quite likely to offend the hostess.

About dark we were returning to the home of the bride's parents when we met a long line of horses, buffaloes, and cattle coming from the pasture to their respective homes along the narrow streets. The horses were excited by something, perhaps by our hats; I don't know. At any rate, they rushed past us up the street in one direction and a minute or two later a cry of

alarm caused us to look back and see them coming down upon us. We hugged the stone wall and, by waving our umbrellas frantically, we kept a safe spot for our feet until they were past. And then they turned around once more and raced past us. By this time I was about as much excited as they were. You cannot appreciate how narrow and crooked these streets are until you have a few experiences like this. I was trembling by the time I got to the house.

The next morning I went with about twenty others to the wedding breakfast given at the new home. We sat around two round tables and *à la Turke, i. e.*, in Turkish fashion, we ate a great feast. First, soup in four bowls—we each had our own individual spoon here; then eggs and meat cooked together, then rice, then sour milk (clabber-like), then a lamb roasted whole and carved without the use of a knife—"fingers were made before forks." Later, honey and thick cream, then watermelon and sweet, lardy cakes. There were other things, too, but I cannot remember all of them. I said the cakes were lardy, but of course they had tallow or "tail fat" in them, not lard. The people here, like the Jews, never taste of pork or anything of that sort. I have not seen a pig since I came here. They keep sheep with great fat tails and the fat from these tails is used as we use lard or butter at home. When the chicken was served the man at the head of the table carefully cut off the choicest piece, the tail piece, and presented it to Miss Burrage; then he pulled off the skin from the back and gave it to me. They consider these the best parts of the chicken. I was sorry that I was the one to be honored on this occasion, but of course I thanked him and ate what I could of it. He gave me nothing more than the skin. As soon as I could get away from the breakfast table—a little after ten, I think it was—I hurried away to see some girls and to arrange with them about where they are to go to teach this year. I buttonholed the bridegroom and carried him off outside the door where I could talk business with him for a few minutes.

We did not have the young man with us on the way back and our driver lost the road twice, once landing us in the midst of a wheat field and the other time bringing us to a standstill beside a pretty flour mill under some willow trees. Finally we reached the main road and proceeded on our way without further adventures, only the seats in the wagon kept falling down at one end and then at the other, till we finally put them down along the side of the wagon. Another thing that was very much like Nebraska on that ride, too, was the dust and wind. Once we had to stop the wagon and cover our heads with big capes till the dust storm had passed by. Even as I am writing this to-day I look from my window and see the air full of dust and the wind is blowing hard. One can see but a short distance.

Letter from Miss Ella J. Newton

KULIANG, August 5, 1905.

I AM glad to tell you that I am better than last year, a little stronger, and I seldom have a sick headache now, but I still have to be careful, for I am not young any more, and it takes longer to get rested than it used to. I truly think Miss Hall's coming has had much to do with my improvement in health. She is such a sensible, quiet, helpful body, and we do enjoy our new little home more than I can tell you. She is getting on well in the language, but takes a little school work already. I want her to have the best opportunity possible to master the language, for it will mean so much to her in all the years to come. She is with her friend, Dr. Stryker, this summer, here at the mountain, and Miss Garretson, as usual, is with me in our own little cottage. Thus far it is an ideal summer, though it was very hot before we left Foochow. Miss Garretson has been down again, and only came up this morning, starting long before daylight to avoid the heat. I expected to go down for a few days to look after some work, but it has been delayed somewhat, and the workmen have not sent for me yet.

I am unusually busy this summer, as some important translation work has fallen to my share, with a good many other things, but we do take time to be out of doors a good deal in this beautiful fresh air, and have nice walks over these lovely hills. This mountain means years of added service for the missionaries of the province, and the spiritual uplift we get here means much for the work. Perhaps you know of the Fokien Prayer Union which was formed two years ago, the special purpose being united prayer for the work throughout the province. During the past year there has been great encouragement in many places. We have had two meetings here to hear some of these reports, and they are really wonderful, and there is a spirit of expectancy such as I have never seen before among missionaries and Chinese workers.

I made a flying trip to Ing Hok in the spring, and saw the land for Miss Chittenden's new building. It is a fine site, already walled in, and the plans for school and home are nearly ready for the contractor. Mr. Smith puts a great deal of time and thought into it, and I hope the work can be pushed as fast as possible. You can imagine how happy Miss Chittenden is, and we are all glad for her. I spent a night at Gah Liang on the way down, and saw the school in the chapel. If the W. B. M. I. workers could see some of the children climb the ladders to their mats spread on the floor under the roof, and, especially, spend a night in Miss Chittenden's close,

unhealthy bedroom, they would not only see the need of the new building, but boom the project till all the money is in hand. Miss Chittenden has developed into a grand country missionary, but she does not know how to take care of herself.

I also saw the proposed site for the hospital, but the owners are still holding back. I think it will come soon, however. The Ing Hog work is very encouraging, and there has been much blessing there the last year. Mr. Beard was delighted with a trip through the field shortly after his return.

The ill treatment of Chinese in America is coming to be much better known here than formerly, and there has been considerable excitement in regard to the proposed new treaty, and strong threatening of an American boycott which would make sad havoc with the work under the care of American missionaries. We do not think the threats will be carried into execution, but if America pays no attention to the protests made there will be serious trouble of some kind. Patriotism is beginning to grow, but the poor people do not know exactly how to express it. In several of the colleges, if great wisdom had not been used by those in charge, much mischief would have been done.



Miss E. S. Webb writes of a trip taken by her:—

ADANA, March 7, 1905.

STARTING from Adana just after noon, we rode six hours to Missis. An old, fat, white-turbaned Turk happened to be going the same way. He was much interested in news from the war, etc., which he got from Mr. Chambers. Finally my horse distinguished himself by falling down on a smooth road. I was not hurt, and immediately remounted, whereupon he said: "Oh she is a Japanese! she is a Japanese! If it had been one of our women they would have sat down and cried."

For many years there has been no Protestant work at Missis. We have, however, four girls from there in our school, as well as the daughter of the Gregorian priest who was there last year, but has now moved to another village. We were guests at the only Protestant house in the place—the mother of one of our girls. In the evening the parents of the girls and other friends came in. Among others a woman who twelve or fourteen years ago was taken by force from our school by her parents and married—our poor little Mariam. The man proved to be utterly worthless, and the parents have repented of it many times. Just now he is somewhat reformed. Both came with their three children. Some "Little Pilgrim" lesson pictures gave an opportunity for reading and explaining several passages from the Bible.

We spent the next morning in calling, and everywhere were received most cordially. They beg for a girls' school. The Gregorians have a fairly good one for boys, but there is nothing for girls. Besides the money we would need government permission, and it is not easy to find a proper

woman to send to such a village. But they were so eager, I wish we could do something.

At noon we went on four hours farther to Hamidiah. We had supposed there was only one Protestant family in the place, so you can judge of our surprise to find that thirteen families had just signed a petition saying they are Protestants. They ask for a man who can teach and preach, and promise more than a third of his support. We have one girl from there this year, and others living there who have been with us in previous years. We were kept busy calling and talking until late that evening.

At 7.30 next morning we started for Chockmerzimen, nine hours distant. About nine o'clock it began to rain. We had good rubbers and could keep dry. But the poor muleteers had to walk in the rain all day. For noon we stopped at a little restaurant, which being full of men, the owner scraped out the rubbish from a little back storeroom with a hoe and allowed us to go in there. We reached our destination that night at seven o'clock, while the loads were two hours later. But we were given such a hearty welcome that all the discomforts of the road were quickly forgotten.

The pastor here is old and feeble, and at the end of the year will give his place to a younger man. The teacher of the boys' school, a young man from Tarsus, is doing good work, and helps a good deal with the preaching and work among the young men. Turfanda, our Bible woman here, is doing most excellent work. Chockmerzimen is a large village—five or six thousand, and all Armenians. The girls' school, taught by Turfanda's daughter, is fair, numbering about thirty. The day after we reached there being Sunday, Mr. Chambers preached in the morning. At noon I had a meeting for the women, after which we walked over to Enzerli, about twenty minutes, where Mr. Chambers preached again. We walked back to Chockmerzimen, and in the evening there was a prayer meeting in another part of the village. Mr. Chambers and the others went to it, but I went to bed instead. Monday was given to visiting the schools and the homes of the people.

The Bible woman is having a widespread interest, and the priest of the Gregorian church complains that she is working among the women of his congregation. They urge her to come and read the Bible to them, and the priest is afraid of the influence.

Monday afternoon we moved over to Enzerli. There we found the preacher's family (four persons) and the girl teacher (a relative of the preacher) all living in the same room with another family of seven. The people seem to think that no better place in the village can be found for them. This is one of the few stone houses in the place; most of the houses being simply reed huts with a mud floor and no windows. There are so many cracks in their houses, however, that there is no lack of fresh air. There is a fire in the middle of the room and the smoke escapes where it can. Usually the cow and donkey live in one end of the room and the family in the other. Each house is in the midst of a small orange grove, and this is the only source of income to the people. Our preacher here, Man-ooshakhian Effendi, is a noble man, and is very much loved by the people.

Mr. Chambers and I were guests in this one room with the two families

and the teacher. A cloth curtain to cut off a corner in front of a bed is a very necessary part of the outfit for a journey of this kind. They were able to give me a little corner just large enough for my bed. What more could even a queen wish? But poor Mr. Chambers did not fare so well. He had no curtain, and finally set up his bed in the open space left as a border line between the two households.

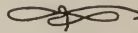
The work here is most helpful. The reed hut used as the church also serves as the school. This is well organized and in good condition. The Bible woman who was here till Christmas time has now gone to Aintab to study midwifery with Dr. Hamilton. She hopes to return here after two years. The people are working hard to collect money for a church and parsonage, and I am sure they need it.

Our next visit was to Osmania, six hours' ride from Enzerli. Here the preacher's wife teaches the school while a Bible woman is also at work. The work among the women would develop faster were the school for girls only, but there is no better opportunity for the boys, so we allow the mixed school.

The second Sunday of our trip was spent in Kars, a village about seven hours from Osmania. A preacher and girl teacher are working here, but we were rather disappointed in the reports we heard of the latter. She seems to have plenty of ability, but I fear is not a very earnest Christian.

Our last visit was to Sis. Here there is a good church building and a parsonage with room for the girls' school. A separate school for boys was started this year, with the result that the girls' school is now larger than the mixed one was last year.

It was most pleasant to find so many earnest Christians among the girls who had been in our school from this village. I am more than ever impressed with the needs of our villages, as well as with the amount of work that has already been done in them.



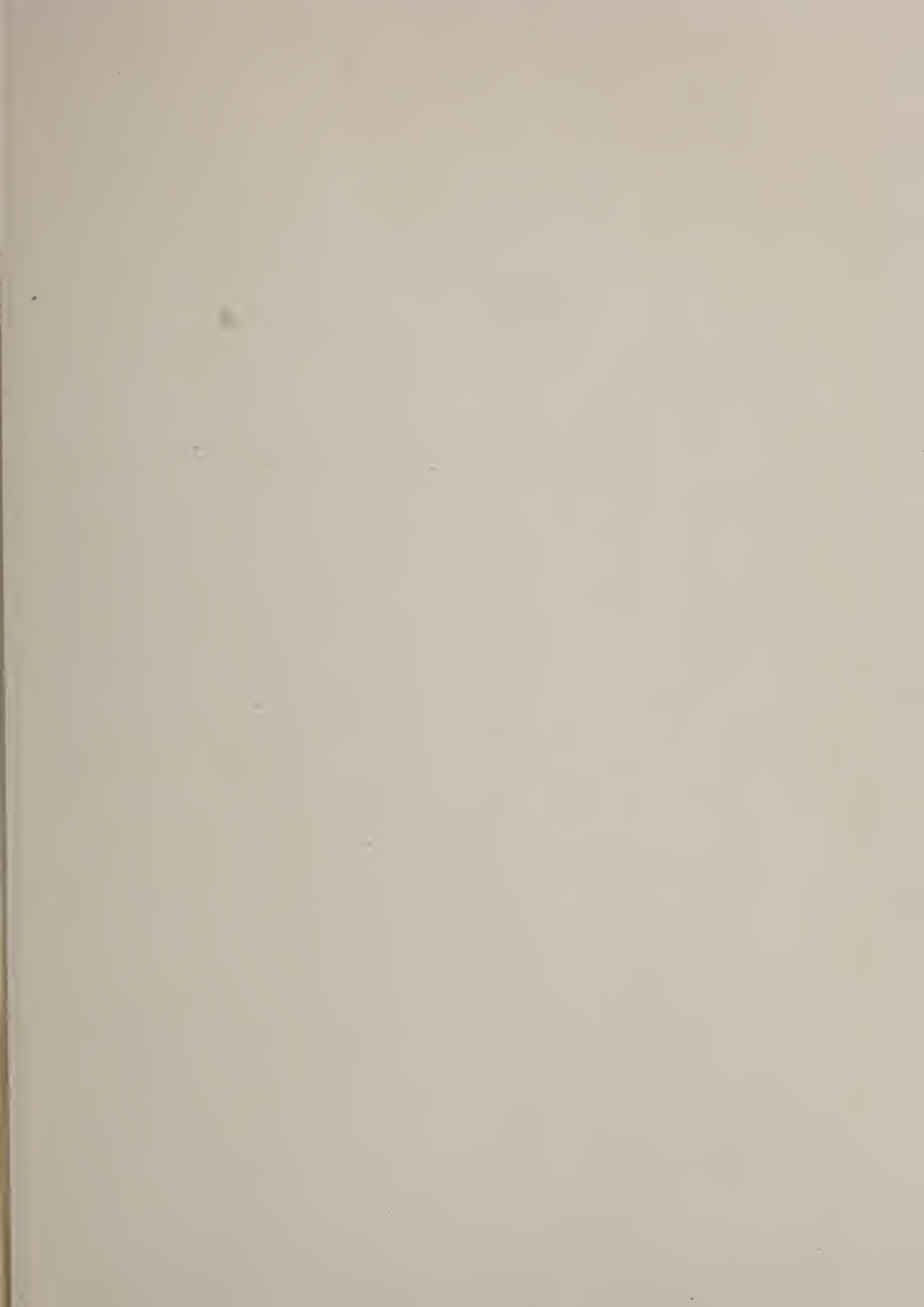
Woman's Board of the Interior

Mrs. S. E. HURLBUT, TREASURER

RECEIPTS FROM AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 10, 1905

COLORADO	\$129 25	TENNESSEE	7 50
ILLINOIS	1,997 10	CHINA	15 00
INDIANA	23 15	TURKEY	15 05
IOWA	382 89	MISCELLANEOUS	7,241 00
KANSAS	301 15		
MICHIGAN	300 45	Receipts for the month	12,029 58
MINNESOTA	419 82	Previously acknowledged	56,431 31
NEBRASKA	104 47		
NORTH DAKOTA	40 82	Total since October, 1905	\$68,460 89
OHIO	359 47		
OKLAHOMA	31 43	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
SOUTH DAKOTA	156 40	Receipts for the month	\$191 65
WISCONSIN	309 63	Previously acknowledged	2,144 87
WYOMING	18 00		
MASSACHUSETTS	175 00	Total since October, 1905	\$2,336 52
NEW YORK	2 00		

MISS FLORA STARR, Ass't Treas.



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Life and Light for Woman

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